

PRINCESS TAGARA.



Held in Slavery on Coney Island.

In one of the shows which woo the money-laden and sight-seeking jay at Coney Island there are four swart-skinned beings who are as nearly in slavery as any black has been in this country since Abraham Lincoln wrote his name at the bottom of the Emancipation Proclamation.

There is a prevalent superstition that the fourteenth amendment did away with slave holding in the United States, but it would take more than a plain statement of that fact to convince King Bill that it is so.

King Bill is a Bushman, the leader of the little band of boomerang throwers. There never was such a lot of homesick lot of strangers in a strange land as these natives of the Australian wilds, who get their food and drink and such aliment as it is for showing off to motley crowds of voyagers the tricks that were handed down to them from unnumbered generations of wild ancestors.

Last week a Sunday Journal reporter visited the boomerang show, accompanied by a man who has journeyed the round world over, and knows more tongues than would make a very respectable Babel. The Bush folk sat in their tepees, plump and solemn and silent, save for a few low words now and then to one another in their own language. They paid no heed to the visitors.

The much-travelled man stepped up fairly in front of King Bill and said, quietly, "Maalat."

The big Bushman and his fellows sprang to their feet, and with tears streaming down their faces clutched at the stranger's hands. In stammering tones they asked him in the language which for five years no one had spoken to them—if he was a spirit sent from home to save them.

Then King Bill went on to "tell the story of their thralldom." It was a tough story. From time to time during the recountal he looked about as if in fear lest he be overheard. "We are not savages," he said, "although we are natives of a wild country. We were born in Townsville, Sunnyside, and we had worked there as cattle-tenders all our lives. In the year 1891 Mr. Trask, the proprietor of the show, and Cunningham, his former partner, came there and persuaded us to join the show. He promised to pay each of us thirty shillings a week, our board and all our expenses, and to return us home after two years. We were eight in all—I, my wife Jenny, my three brothers, William, Billy and Tommy, and my two cousins, Dick Gally and Harry Bushelman, and Jack Rosel, and Taddy, the wife of William, who is called Princess Tagara.

"We came, in 1892, to San Francisco, where Taddy died. Instead of receiving thirty shillings a week, according to agreement, we were only paid five dollars a week each, and our board was scant and miserable. We complained, but they told us to shut up, and we couldn't do otherwise. We went all around California with the show, stopping two weeks in every city. For the first three months we were paid \$5 a week, but after that they stopped payment, and since then we have not received a cent. Our board has been very bad.

"Tommy, Taddy, and I dare say Harry, too, died from privation, scarcity of food and lack of medical and any other accommodation. Thousands of times we have complained about our pay and board, and begged, with tears, of Mr. Trask to send us back, but he gave us no hope. We are forbidden to go out of the show grounds. We are actually imprisoned here, and compelled to work, receiving as a compensation a few sandwiches at noon for a dinner and a few more for supper. We are always surrounded by men of the show, who watch us all the time and always stand near by when anybody speaks to us."

It was 8:30 in the evening when four sausages were sent to the Bushmen's tent. King Bill pointed at them and said: "There's our supper. It isn't enough for a half-hungry boy." A Journal reporter saw Proprietor Trask.

"Oh," he said, "they're nothing but a race of cannibals! When they're at home they live stark naked in the bush and on the mountains. What a time I had getting them! It cost me a heap of money and trouble. I went through the worst hardships I ever endured in my life.

"Do you pay them any salary?"

"No; but they get more money than any show people in America."

"How is it that they get any money as long as you don't pay them any salary?"

Trask frowned at this, and stammered: "Well, I—I—I feed them well, clothe them and give them all other things that they need."

"Do you pay them any money?" was asked again.

"No. These people have no sense, and don't know the use of money. If you gave them a nickel and a dollar they would not know the difference between the two. I don't want to give them any money, because they may go and get drunk, and probably get in trouble."

"Don't they rebel against your treatment of them?"

"No, sir. They fear and love me at the same time. I have been twelve years in their country, and know more about them than any other being on the face of the earth. I have such influence over them that if any of them tried to fight me I could throw him down with a mere waving of my hand."

It is strange how poorly King Bill's story tallies with that of the man who has kept him and his family prisoners for years; how little the four sausages served for three bears out his statement that he "feeds them well."

HOW TO GET RICH.

New York's Self-Made Millionaires Tell the Sunday Journal's Young Readers How to Insure Success.

What is the surest road to success? How to store up a great fortune? Question of unfailing interest to all persons in this great cosmopolitan hive of humming industry, where the search for the almighty dollar is keenest and calls for more brains than anywhere else in the world.

In this city of work and wealth, in the Greater New York that is, there are, it has been estimated, over one thousand millionaires. There are, besides these, many men not millionaires yet, whose earning capacity is 5 per cent a year on \$1,000,000, or \$50,000. It was among these classes that a Sunday Journal reporter went to ask the question, "How to Become Wealthy?"

The replies are various, but all of them instructive. Those who contributed replies to this interesting symposium are President George G. Williams, of the Chemical National Bank; General Stewart L. Woodford, prominent as a successful lawyer and politician; Nathan Straus, a self-made millionaire, of the firm of R. H. Macy & Co.; H. H. Vreeland, one of the hardest working men in New York, as general manager of the Metropolitan Traction Company; E. W. Bloomingdale, of the big dry goods firm of Bloomingdale Brothers; A. B. Chandler, president of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, and William Steinway, the millionaire piano manufacturer. Their replies are as follows:

Be Honest and Work Hard.

The Chemical National Bank, New York.
Honesty and industry will accomplish everything.

George G. Williams

Work, Save and Practise Kindness.

Ritch, Woodford, Bovee & Wallace,
18 Wall Street.

Work hard, save your money and always do a kind turn to your neighbor.

Stewart L. Woodford

Success in Three Words.

Office of R. H. Macy & Co.,
Sixth Avenue, Corner of Fourteenth Street.
Honesty and perseverance.

Nathan Straus

Bloomingdale Bros.,
Importers and Retailers,
Third Avenue, 59th and 60th Sts.

The surest road to success is to be honest, and all men will trust you; honorable, and all men will believe in you; industrious, and all men will have confidence in you; just, and all men will admire you. Be alert, save part of what you earn so as to be always independent, store your mind with useful knowledge and the world is yours.

E. W. Bloomingdale

Congenial Work and Patience.

Postal Telegraph-Cable Company.
Executive Offices,
Postal Telegraph Building, New York.

Choose an occupation in which you feel genuine interest. Exercise patience and continuing industry. Be honest, sober and painstaking.

A. B. Chandler

Mastery of Details and Organization.

Offices of the
Metropolitan Street Railway Company.

The necessities for a successful business life are a well-founded, practical education, capacity for immediate solution of important and urgent questions and perception of detail, with administrative faculty warranting an assumption of complete control when opportunity affords.

H. H. Vreeland

Be Sober and Avoid Bad Company.

Steinway & Sons,
Manufacturers of Pianofortes.

Avoid bad company and intemperance. Be unwavering in your honesty, diligence, and thoroughly mastering your chosen vocation, you will then be on the sure road to success.

William Steinway

METEOR II.



The German Emperor to Challenge Us.

The Emperor William's new racing yacht, the Meteor, has proved her superiority to all the first class English cutters. It may therefore be presumed that he will carry out his expressed intention of challenging for the America's Cup.

Next year we may expect to see the Meteor in New York Harbor, flying the German national colors and the flag of the house of Hohenzollern. Her owner being a thorough-going sportsman will no doubt be on deck himself. It will be an episode of unequalled interest in the history of yachting.

The Emperor is a yachtsman as well as everything else, and he has his eye on that most famous of yachting trophies, the America's Cup. He has watched the long and ineffectual efforts of the English to wrest it away from the Americans and he has come to the conclusion that it would be glorious and becoming to his imperial dignity to do it on one fell swoop what those maritime boasters have not been able to do in more than thirty years.

She has beaten repeatedly the Alisa and the Britannia, both of which are probably superior to the Valkyrie III. The latter beat the Britannia and the Alisa, and they beat her, but in view of her subsequent performances in America there is good ground for believing that they are better boats. Before the season is over the Meteor's superiority may be incontrovertibly proved.

The facts give the Emperor much encouragement to challenge for the cup. His boat having beaten the superiors of Valkyrie III, it is likely that she can beat the Defender, or even a new American boat.

His Majesty may be assured of a glorious welcome in this country. Although Americans scorn monarchy as an institution they have a keen appreciation of enterprise and originality, whether in monarch, subject or citizen. He will note with pride the prosperity of his former fellow-countrymen and the universal popularity of larger beer in this land. He will be able to study life in the luxurious millionaire colony of Newport and may be entertained at Schuylersfeests in the vicinity of Hoboken. The Meteor, therefore, acquires a profound interest for all Americans, not only because of the sport she is likely to make, but because with her will come her formidable cousin.

Her designer is George L. Watson, who built the Thistle, the three Valkyries, the Britannia and other large British yachts.

Her measurements, as officially made public, are as follows: She is 80 feet on the water line and has 24.2 feet beam. Her water line length brings her within the class of sloops and cutters eligible for the America's Cup. This is taken as an indication that the Emperor contemplated challenging for that prize when he ordered the Meteor.

Her draught is about 17 feet, considerably less than that of the Valkyrie III, and the Defender. She is a good deal like the Britannia in appearance, but has a greater sail area. Designer Watson has apparently applied to her many ideas gained from his observation of the Defender.

The main boom of the Meteor is 97 feet long and of hollow steel. It is cylindrical in shape, unlike the steel boom of the Valkyrie, which was octagonal. Her gun is 50 feet long.

The Meteor's spars spread 12,240 square feet of canvas. The area of the mainsail is nearly 6,000 square feet.

She began her career in the races of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The course was a sixty-mile one under the Yacht Racing Association time allowance. The start was made at 10:30 and the Meteor finished at 4:58:40, winning the race. The Britannia, which was allowed eight minutes and eight seconds by the Meteor, finished at 5:07:58; the Saturnia at 5:12:15, and the Alisa a few minutes later.

The course ended at Dover. The return to the Thames was another race, which the Meteor also won. The wind was very light.

The Meteor next raced over a forty-mile course on the Clyde. She finished first, but was beaten by the Britannia and the Alisa over a forty-two mile very light.

The Meteor then beat the Britannia and the Alisa over a forty-two-mile course in the regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club on the Solent. The start was made at 10:45, the Meteor finishing at 7:52:50, and the Britannia at 8:18:44. The Meteor won by 24m. 44 sec., as she allows the Britannia four minutes.

Yachting experts were of the opinion that the Meteor was superior to the others on all points, but she gained less in color to windward than in running. She has now won four first prizes. The wind was at all times light. In one of these races, which took place on the Solent, she beat the Britannia by 25 minutes 50 seconds and the Alisa by 20 minutes 35 seconds. The course was forty-two miles.

It was stated that she was minutes faster than the Valkyrie III in running and reaching, but going to windward was possibly less fast. This is attributed to the fact that she is too much trimmed by the stern.

In the races of the Royal Northern Yacht Club on the Clyde this week the Meteor again won. She beat the Alisa, Britannia and Saturnia in two races.